By BART WHITMAN
MR.EX
FINDING OUT THAT MAC NEEL ISN'T JOEY'S REAL UNCLE, MR.EX HEARS MAC TELL HOW HE TAUGHT JOEY TRICKS AND USED HIM AS A TOOL FOR HIS BLACKMAIL SCHEMES--
I BEEN WORKIN' THE RACKET FOR TWO YEARS! WHATCHA GONNA DO, ABOUT IT, NOW THAT YA' KNOW?
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA TURN ME OVER TO THE COPS...
I'LL...
HE MUST HAVE KEPT SOME RECORDS
I'M RIGHT! THIS BANKBOOK COVERS DEPOSITS FOR TWO YEARS --- AND HERE'S A LIST OF PROMINENT PEOPLE INCLUDING PORTER PRESTON, MAYORALTY CANDIDATE --- THAT'S THE ACCIDENT I CAUGHT HIM AT!
I, Mac Neel, confess to extorting money from prominent citizens such as Porter Preston---
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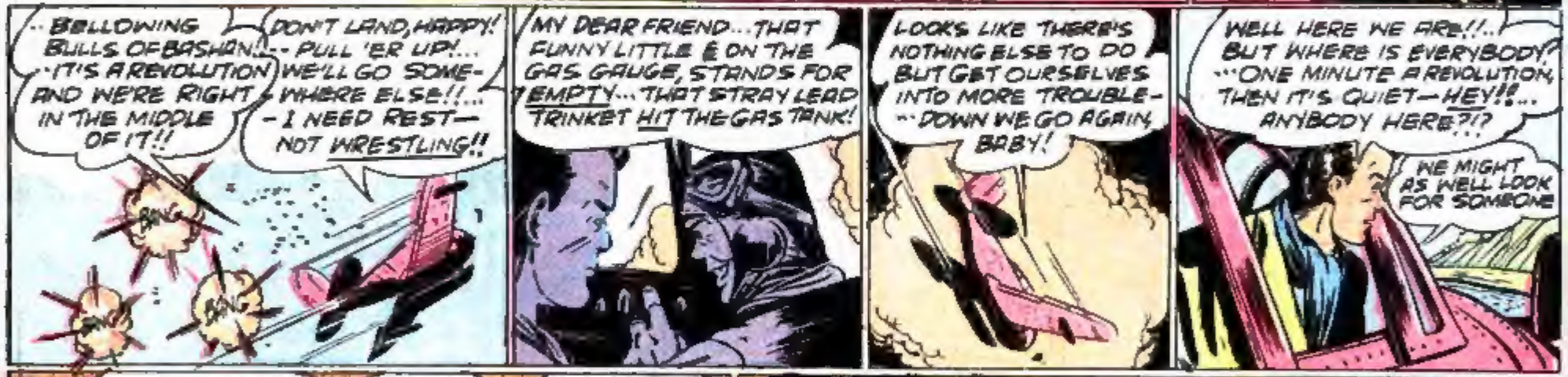
SIGN THAT!
MAY 4
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

MR. EX

by Burt Whitman

HIS GOVERNMENT MISSION ACCOMPLISHED EX SENDS CLEMENTINE TO HER HOME -- LUCIFER AND BAZOO ARE RESCUED AND MR. EX IS INTERESTED IN JUST REST, PEACE AND QUIET— ..... SO WITH HIS NEW FOUND PALS, HAPPY DEY AND JIM TURNER — HE IS ON HIS WAY!!

THERE SHE IS, EX! SAN RAMONE, THE MOST PERCEFUL REPUBLIC — SOUTH OF THE BORDER!
HOORAY! — REST AT LAST... I'M GOING TO SLEEP FOR A WEEK..
OH — YEAH...??
..I HOPE YOU'RE A SOUND SLEEPER BECAUSE ...I THINK WE'RE BEING SHOT AT!
BANG


..BELLOWING BULLS OF BASHAN!... IT'S A REVOLUTION AND WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!!
DON'T LAND, HAPPY! -- PULL 'ER UP!... WE'LL GO SOME-WHERE ELSE!!... -I NEED REST— NOT WRESTLING!!
MY DEAR FRIEND...THAT FUNNY LITTLE E ON THE GAS GAUGE, STANDS FOR EMPTY... THAT STRAY LEAD TRINKET HIT THE GAS TANK!
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT GET OURSELVES INTO MORE TROUBLE-- DOWN WE GO AGAIN, BABY!
WELL HERE WE ARE!!.. BUT WHERE IS EVERYBODY? ...ONE MINUTE A REVOLUTION, THEN IT'S QUIET—HEY!!... ANYBODY HERE?!?
WE MIGHT AS WELL LOOK FOR SOMEONE

LET'S CALL FOR A TAXI!...HOW DO YOU SAY TAXI IN SPANISH?
HEY!..TAXI! -TAXI... IN SPANISH!
WELL, I'LL BE.. WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER?
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by Peri Whitman
MR.EX
MR.EX FOLLOWS JOEY AND FINDS OUT WHERE UNCLE MAC LIVES!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU FORCIN' YER WAY INTO MY HOUSE
YOU'RE MAC NEEL, AREN'T YOU? I WANT TO TALK ABOUT A LITTLE MATTER OF A KID AND BLACKMAIL
I DON'T HAFTA LET YOU IN HERE! GET OUT!
NOT UNTIL I HAVE A FEW THINGS CLEAR IN MY MIND!
LISTEN, FUZZY-FACE! YOU AND ME AIN'T GOT NOTHIN TO SAY TO EACH OTHER AND---
BESIDES... I DON'T LIKE NOSEY GUYS!
AND I DON'T LIKE FRESH ONES!
OHHH! MY ARM!
NEXT TIME DON'T TRY SLUGGING STRANGERS WITH BEER BOTTLES! NOW! I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT KID!
OKAY! CUT THE ROUGHSTUFF I'LL SING! I AIN'T JOEY'S UNCLE! HIS FOLKS AND ME WAS WITH THE SAME CIRCUS---WE WERE WIRE-WALKERS, ONE DAY THE WIRE SNAPPED...
HIS FOLKS WAS KILLED! THE OLD LADY AST ME TO CARE FER TH' KID! I HURT MY HIP AND COULDN'T WORK AGAIN--- I TAUGHT HIM ALL I KNEW!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
APR. 27